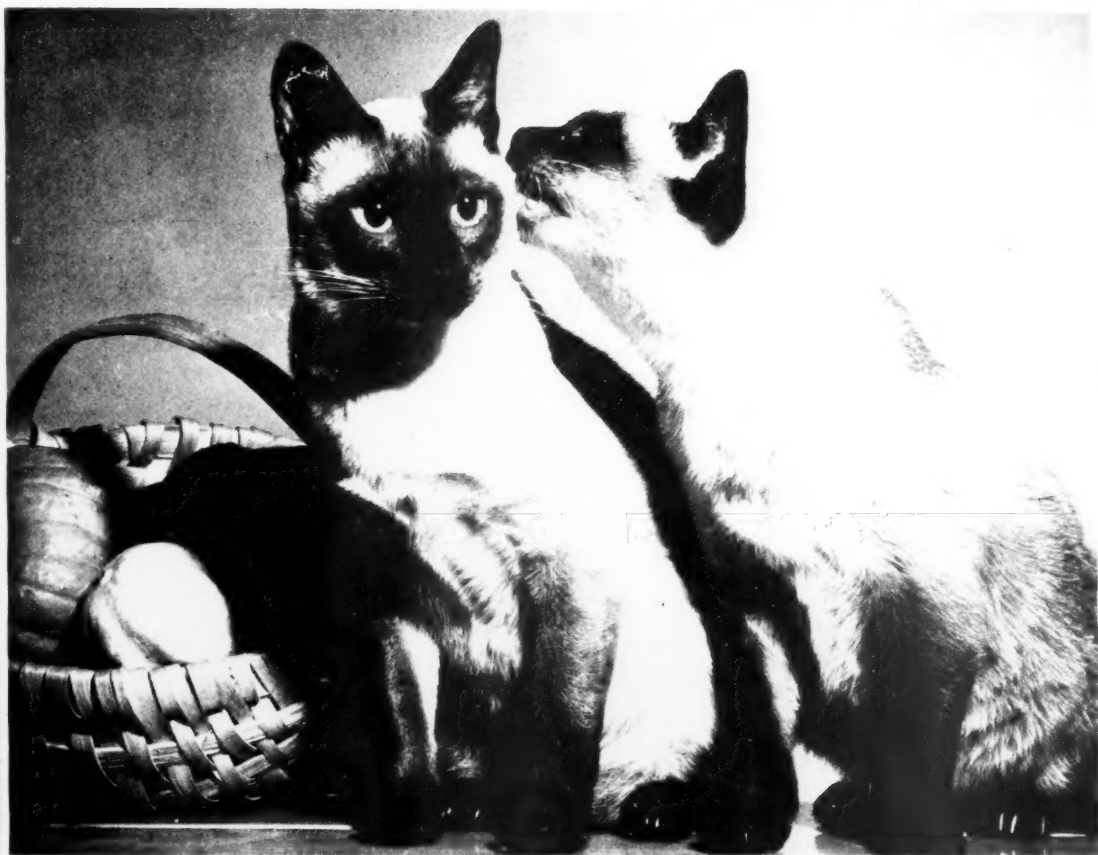


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The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
—COWPER



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No. 10

One cannot help wondering what is happening to the humane societies once active in France. So far as we can learn, no information about them has been received by humane workers in this country since Germany overran that fair land.

This war, like all wars, is no respecter of persons or charitable organizations. Animal hospitals, like those which care for sick men, women and children, are rapidly losing doctors, nurses, attendants, summoned into military service; but men and animals are still subject to all the ills to which they are heir. The problem grows more and more acute.

You won't believe it, but there is a Humane Society in this country where the most of the work done in the care of animals is done by paroled murderers—some white, some black. These attendants are found guilty, not because of premeditated murder, but because of some sudden act of temper with no intent to kill. They prove efficient and trustworthy.

That so many horses, mules and even dogs are being forced into this Satanic war brings sorrow to all lovers of these fellow creatures who know nothing of what it all means. Could they, however, know, may it not be they would as gladly offer their lives to win for themselves and us, as willingly as millions of our youth who, for those they love and for that hope for a better day, are ready to suffer and, if need be, die.

With all its defects—and there are many—American democracy is the only sure foundation we know upon which a world of Justice and Freedom can be built.

WENDELL WILLKIE

The Bitter with the Sweet

DID you ever have anything to do with publishing a paper, or magazine, or write any of the editorials for it? Then you know some of the pleasures and some of the pains of such a job. Of course, you can never please everybody. If the animals are like people, people are like animals. Some are friendly, some are never quite satisfied with what they see or read or eat, and if they don't like you or what you say or write, they seldom fail to tell you so.

Here are two fine illustrations of what we mean. The following letter came to our desk the other day:

"As to *Our Dumb Animals*, I have been surprised at the criticism of older people, and the lack of interest to children to whom I have given it to read. The usual comment is, 'It probably does some good but it is so dull.'"

The same week came another letter from an unusually intelligent reader, a part of which we quoted in the issue of last month, and which read,

"In *Our Dumb Animals*—and this may seem incredible to you—I find more real religion than almost anywhere else, and I am a church member in good and regular standing. I turn to it again and again when my faith in humanity is slipping, and I find help."

Were it not that letters like the first one referred to are so rare that only twice in the last year do we recall receiving one—and that condemned us for saying a good word for the Negro—and those like the second so many, we should hardly think the cost was worth a candle.

The seeds of kindness once rooted in the hearts of children will grow on through the years enriching and inspiring their entire lives.

What is the Answer?

What is this war doing to me? Is it breaking down my faith in the reality of a moral universe? In a moral universe where right, though today ground into the dust, must tomorrow triumph? War can do that. War is doing that, and if ever war let loose the blackest demons of human hate and cruelty, it is this war.

A thousand times through the centuries the men of faith have had the scornful cry of the faithless flung at them, "Where is now thy God?" And a thousand times the men of faith have answered to their own souls, "Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him." And praised Him they have.

Cruelty to Horses

We have often reported to our readers about the constant need for careful supervision and inspection of riding academies. Last month our agents found eleven out of fourteen horses at one riding academy unfit for work. Two of the unfortunate creatures were unable to get on their feet without assistance. Thirty gall sores were found on the eleven animals, some measuring 4½ inches by 3 inches.

The horses were, of course, taken from work immediately and the owners arrested for cruelty to animals. In court, recently, a fine of \$25.00 each was imposed on the two owners.

The Editor of *The Menomonee Falls News*, Mrs. Lottie Rintelman, writes to *Our Dumb Animals*:

"I have greatly admired your magazine for some time, not only for its most interesting articles but for the cause it stresses. From time to time I have published many of those articles in my own paper, believing it only fair to pass the finer things along."

Man's Friend, the Goat

T. J. MCINERNEY

ANIMALS are frequently the undeserving victims of man's unwarranted prejudice. There are many people who are prejudiced against cats, even though they have never owned one. Their prejudice arises from some unfounded report or rumor. The same is true of other animals including goats.

For many years I have been acquainted with a herd of goats that graze in the open lots near my home and I have come to appreciate the splendid service which these animals perform for man—a service, incidentally, that is well-known and appreciated by those in the medical profession.

According to the first national goat census taken in 1940, there were 3,417,347 goats in the United States—truly a sizable population in the animal kingdom. The majority of these are on goat dairy farms, from whence their milk goes to hospitals, sanitariums and to doctors to aid in the recovery of invalids and the development of strong children.

Goat milk, contrary to a popular notion, is not a medicine, but a wholesome food like cow milk. It has the added merit of being more easily digested because of its smaller, finer and more easily assimilated fat globules. It is the only milk that can be taken in its natural state, because tuberculosis rarely or never exists among goats. Goat milk, therefore, needs no pasteurization and runs no danger of losing its vitamins or having its other food values altered by the application of heat.

In addition to being used for babies and invalids, the milk of the goat makes delicious ice cream, butter and cheese, whipped cream and, as a beverage, is very tasty.



ALWAYS FRIENDLY IF WELL-TREATED

The most popular breeds of goats are Nubians, French alpiners, rock alpiners, Saanens and Toggenburgs.

Nubians are of English and Oriental origin, characterized by short, sleek coats, rich colors, drooping ears and Roman nose. French alpiners vary in color and combinations of color and are producers of good quality milk in large quantities. Rock alpiners are the only breed originating in the United States and are of the same general description as French alpiners. Saanens are a Swiss

The Coming Brotherhood

There shall come from out this noise of strife and groaning,

A broader and a juster brotherhood;

A deep equality of aim, postponing

All selfish seeking to the general good.

There shall come a time, when each shall to another

Be as Christ would have him, brother unto brother.

There shall come a time when brotherhood grows stronger

Than the narrow bounds which now distract the world,

When the cannons roar and trumpets blare no longer,

And the ironclads rust, and battle-flags are furled;

When the bars of creed and speech and race, which sever,

Shall be fused in one humanity forever.

Sir Lewis Morris

breed and are white and usually quite large. It is said that they are unsurpassed as milk producers. The Toggenburgs are also a Swiss breed and are the most numerous in this country, large numbers having been imported prior to the current war. Other breeds of goats common in this country are the Angora, Maltese and Cashmere.

I wish that more people would become better acquainted with the milch goat which contributes so much toward the better health of humankind. May her tribe increase!

The American Eagle

SOARING high in the sky or swooping earthward like a winged thunderbolt, the American bald eagle well deserves the exalted honor accorded him in 1782 when he became the national emblem of the United States of America. Its extraordinary power of sight, the wild majesty of its appearance, and the picturesque grandeur of the scenery in which it loves to build its aerie, have made the eagle the universal emblem of might and courage from the most ancient times.

Eagles of virtually all species, contrary to the belief of many individuals, are not cruel, wanton aerial killers. Being birds of prey they naturally—as does every living creature—try to appease the demands of their appetite, which actually is far from voracious.

In the words of John Burroughs, the great American naturalist, the eagle "draws great lines across the sky; he sees the forests like a carpet beneath him; he sees the hills and valleys as folds and wrinkles in a many-colored tapestry; he sees the river as a belt connecting remote horizons. We climbed mountain peaks to get a glimpse of the spectacle that is hourly spread out beneath him."



A PICTURE OF CONTENTMENT

Park Animals' Food Needs

BECAUSE of wartime restrictions, many of us who would ordinarily have gone far afield for our vacations, probably spent our time in nearby state or county parks. This fact in itself is commendable; we aided in the fight for victory and at the same time rediscovered nature. This same situation, however, in at least one instance led to a serious food shortage for the many of our animal friends who inhabit these parks.

This is indicated in a current statement from Bear Mountain State Park, New York, after an unprecedented influx of visitors over the recent Labor Day weekend. The report stated that a serious situation for the squirrels, chipmunks and birds was created by the crowds eating the fruit from the trees in deserted orchards on which the numerous animals have depended for years.

There are a hundred or more deserted farms, many of them very old, deep in the many recesses of the park. Most of the buildings are down, but the apple, cherry and peach trees in these old farms still remain. Yearly the furred and feathered denizens of the park have been accustomed to feed on the fruits or gather the seeds and nuts for winter storage. It appears the animals won't get very much this year. The campers cleaned them out, many visiting remote areas seldom reached before by the transient hikers.

This situation may have repeated itself in many other parks throughout the country. Countless numbers of these friendly animals to whom we turn for pleasure and relaxation from the stress of routine, may unnecessarily suffer from a predicament created entirely by thoughtlessness. It is a condition that should not be repeated. In our search for play and pleasure we should not lose sight of the harm we may do these birds and animals in seemingly harmless pursuits.

ALAN A. BROWN

When a snake rears his head and waves it sideways, darting his tongue faster than the eye can follow, he is not necessarily aiming to bite. He is only listening, with his tongue trying to detect vibrations in the air. He does not inject poison with his tongue either. The majority of snakes are not only harmless but really helpful to the farmer and the gardener.

Endowed stalls and kennels are needed in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Payments of thirty-five dollars for a kennel or seventy-five dollars for a stall will insure a suitable marker inscribed with donor's name. Terms of permanent endowment of free stalls and kennels will be given upon application to the Treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Master Builders of the Animal World

WILBERT NATHAN SAVAGE



TIRELESS TOILERS ARE THE BEAVERS

YOU have, undoubtedly, oftentimes heard the common expression, "as busy as a beaver." But you will never fully understand or appreciate the saying unless you are fortunate enough to have the opportunity of seeing these interesting water animals at work, for they are among the most intelligent and industrious of all animals, and their homes and dams are perfect examples of the acme of animal skill.

When a colony of beavers decide to build a dam, the first step is the selection of a suitable site. After a narrow place on a stream has been chosen by those in the colony in charge of engineering, the bottom of the stream-bed is tested to make sure it is firm enough to prevent underwash after the dam is completed.

Then the work of felling timber is begun—beavers usually work only at night—and every beaver works. There are no superintendents or timekeepers or paymasters. Every beaver does what he thinks best, and there are no labor troubles. Some say the beaver plans for a tree to fall a certain way; others disagree and say they work haphazardly. In either event they get things accomplished, and are able to cut trees up to eighteen inches in diameter, though smaller ones, if available, are more desirable.

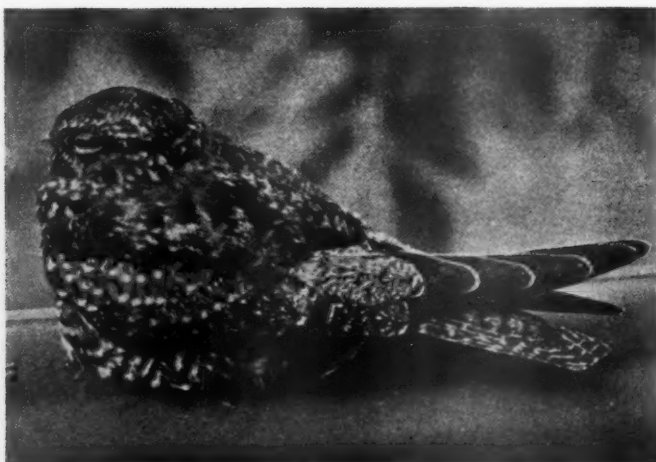
Friends of the beaver encounter much opposition on the grounds that these shrewd animals are destructive rodents. Despite all accusations, a government pamphlet obtainable through the Department of Agriculture, states that far the greater majority of damage claims lodged against the beaver are exaggerated and, in most cases, negligible.

The beavers are gradually but surely vanishing. And if more people don't take an interest in them and become their devoted friend, they may perhaps be doomed to ultimate extinction.

At present we have very few beaver East of the Mississippi. There are occasional scattered colonies in Pennsylvania, Maine, Virginia and a few other states. In Itasca Park, Minnesota, they have multiplied rapidly under very strict protection.

Down through the centuries the beaver has played an important role in the development of our country, and no other animal has been so closely linked with the adventure and romance of the pioneer era. Let's be wise, and guard against their becoming extinct while there is yet time!

The swallow ranks highly as an insect destroyer in every section of our country, but in the South is particularly valuable in reducing the boll weevil plague.



NIGHTHAWK OR BULL-BAT

A Forest Lesson

JACK KYTLE

ONE golden day in October some time ago, I walked through a stretch of vari-colored forest with my Negro friend, Gross Stone, the almost constant companion of my boyhood and my teacher in the ways of nature. We were idling along beside a rail fence when he paused suddenly and placed his hand on my arm. "Look over yonder," he said. "Now that's what I call a beautiful sight."

For a moment, as I peered on the line of his pointed finger, I saw only the fence. But then, perched lengthwise upon a top rail, the outline of a bird emerged from the green, yellow, and red background of leaves. After sitting perfectly still for a few seconds, it turned its head rapidly from side to side, then darted away.

"I hope you got a good look at it," Gross said, "so you'll never forget it. Don't ever harm a feather of that bird, for it's a bull-bat."

He went on to explain then, in his deep understanding of wildlife, that we had looked for those few moments upon one of man's staunchest friends. The bull-bat, or nighthawk, he said, destroys numberless mosquitoes, gnats, parasitic flies, winged ants, beetles, and other noxious creatures.

I have never forgotten that forest lesson, and the sight of one of these proud birds has always brought it back to my mind.

It is a picture in grace. During passage from one section to another, it flies swiftly, using perfectly-timed, straight-forward wing strokes. When feeding, the flight is more erratic, so that it seems sometimes to almost come to a stop in mid-air. But even at this time, it remains poised and balanced in every move.

Perhaps the nighthawk's most fascinating and spectacular feat while flying is its lightning-like dives. At the time of nesting, it flies upward to a consider-

able height, then flashes almost straight down to within a few inches of the ground. Arresting its dive finally, its strong wings produce a clearly-audible booming note.

Although it is a relative of the nocturnal whippoorwill, the nighthawk ventures forth a great deal during daylight hours. It is especially active in the afternoons along the banks of shaded, meandering streams, where mosquitoes tend to gather. During the middle of the day, it rests leisurely for the most part upon a fence, log, or limb, but the sight of it flying in bright sunshine is not unusual.

A Skillful Fisherman

SUSIE M. BEST

THE brilliantly colored European kingfisher, which is found in almost all countries of Europe, scarcely seems related to his larger and more sedately dressed American brother, known as the belted kingfisher, yet, despite the difference in size and plumage, the birds are of one family. In both species the head is large in proportion to the body and carries a noble-looking crest which turns backward. The bill is long and pointed and the tail and legs are short. A stout membrane unites the outer and middle toes thus enabling the bird to dart into the water after its prey.

These birds are expert fishermen, their favorite haunts being places along the sandy banks of rivers and brooks. Stationed on a high branch of a tree overlooking the stream, the kingfisher keeps a sharp lookout on the water. Let an unwary fish swim into sight and suddenly you will hear a dip and a splash. The fish is caught and carried ashore where the bird beats it to death on a tree and then devours it.

There are a number of traditions concerning the kingfisher, one of which is alluded to by the poet Shakespeare, who tells us that if the dead body of this bird

The Nesting Swan

Christine Park Hankinson

Lovely, snowy-feathered swan,
Nesting by the silver lake,
All your gliding movement gone
For the future's sake,
Are you speaking silently
To your little unborn crew?
Are you dreaming days to be
As all mothers do?

Are you pondering at heart
On the everlasting things?
Knowing life must life impart
To the world of wings?
All the human world is strife;
Every covenant a wraith.
Nations are destroying life.
You are keeping faith.

is stuffed and hung by a thread, it will become a weather vane, the bill always pointing to the direction from which the wind blows.

According to another story from Greek tradition, the bird is identified with a maiden named Halcyone, who was wedded to a youth called Ceyx. Shortly after the marriage Ceyx was lost at sea. Halcyone, learning this, was in great grief and threw herself in the sea in order to perish with him. Whereupon, the gods in compassion, changed the two into kingfishers, decreeing that they should build their nest on the water and that during the mating season, which was seven days before and seven days after the shortest day of the year, only calm weather should prevail. Hence those days came to be called "Halcyon days," an expression in common use to typify a season of quiet peace and happiness.



BELTED KINGFISHERS

A Bird Haven

A. LEONARD BUTTS

BIRDS have been attracted to our yard in large numbers by copious growth of shrubs and trees. Privet hedge which partly forms the background is especially useful as a shelter for birds. Such an informal growth of privet hedge thus produces small berries which are greatly relished by several species of birds.

Mockingbirds often remain in our vicinity throughout the winter due to their fondness for those privet berries after frost strikes them.

There is no sign hung to designate our yard as "Bird Haven," but I like to think of it as such. Which reminds me of a remark that a guest once made as she surveyed our yard. "It's a veritable bird sanctuary," she declared.

My motive for providing shelter and food for birds is two-fold. I like them and think their songs are good for the soul. Also I desire to study them.

I know of no better way to study birds than to provide feeding stations for them and feed them regularly both summer and winter. I find it very interesting to feed them at the same time each day. Especially is that true in the morning.

During the breeding season our yard is in fact a haven for birds. I can usually tell when a cat is lurking about by the unmistakable sounds of protest. Just a few claps of my hands is sufficient to drive a way the intruder; then almost instantly the excited protests from the birds cease.

Recently I was confronted with a quite different problem. I saw a boy grasping a broom dash into the yard. To my astonishment I found that he was chasing a small blue jay trying to capture it. I promptly discouraged such behavior and the baby blue jay hopped to safety.

I am convinced that our bird friends understand a great deal more than most of us think. If one is their friend, the birds seem to know it.

One Sunday last fall, I had an urge to go bird hunting with field glasses in some near-by woods. I thought probably I might make a new acquaintance. But I was disappointed, the birds were just not in the woods.

I forgot my disappointment when I returned to our yard and gazed up into a tree-like clump of privet hedge. A pair of cardinals were eating privet berries with considerable zest. I knew several other varieties relish those berries but I had never seen cardinals eat them before.

Our readers are urged to clip from "Our Dumb Animals" various articles and request local editors to republish. Such copies of the magazine so mutilated will be replaced by us upon application, if so desired.

How Animals Keep Fit

W. J. BANKS



MOTHER NATURE TEACHES THE WAY TO FITNESS
A BUCK SEEKS LIME TO NOURISH HIS ANTLERS

IF we would keep healthy we could do worse than study the ways of the animals. In the wilds there are no doctors or physical culture magazines, but mother nature teaches the way to fitness.

Cleanliness is one of her cardinal rules. Some mice and other furred animals spend nearly half their lives in cleaning and combing themselves. Many have special equipment for the job, such as the comb-like split nail of the beaver's second hind toe, or the six lower front teeth of the lemur.

Baths in clear water, mud or dust are popular with most animals. Many birds enjoy a dip but usually content themselves with a dust bath as drenched feathers impede flight dangerously. Not only the tiny sparrow, but the huge elephant dusts himself, blowing earth powdered by his shuffling feet over his back. The American bison, too, likes nothing better than a good hole to wallow in.

Animals have clever schemes to rid themselves of vermin and may help each other. The crocodile bird devours the host of tiny lodgers that infest the big "croc's" mouth. A skunk was observed backing slowly into the water until a crop of lice had transferred themselves to a mouthful of dried grass which he carried. Then he ducked suddenly and swam away.

Diet, we are told, holds the key to health. Only man is foolish enough habitually to eat in a manner likely to produce ill-health. The animal folk never heard of vitamins but few of us approach their good sense in eating.

Nature has arranged that the wild

folks' ordinary needs can be satisfied near at hand. But on special occasions extra groceries may be required, and the animals know enough to seek them. Thus cattle or deer periodically visit the salt lick. A buck seeks water containing lime to nourish his new antlers. The spring's first green grass, rich in vitamins, is sought eagerly by wild and domestic animals. The moose, lean from the hard winter, go after the lily roots and other water plants.

Your dog may not know what the spring sunshine can do for him in technical terms, but he is eager to get out into it. When pussy licks her fur after a good sun bath, she may be transferring some of the essential vitamins, which she cannot absorb through the skin.

In spite of every provision of nature and their own wisdom, animals sometimes fall ill; then remarkable cures may be effected by self-treatment. A large zoo found that it was best to leave sick animals alone with a selection of herbs and vegetable foods common to its native land. The patient would select from the heap the medicines required for the cure. Probably it would not have fallen ill had these been available before.

Animals know that different ailments require different treatment. If feverish they resort to cool spots, remain quiet, eat little and drink a lot. Rheumatic joints are exposed to the warm sun or healing springs and sulphur baths. In their own saliva the animals possess a fine antiseptic dressing which often heals terrible wounds. Ants will amputate the broken limb of one of their number.

The Flag!!

Arthur Macy

Here comes the Flag!
Hail it!
Who dares to drag
Or trail it?
Give it hurrahs—
Three for the stars
Three for the bars.
Uncover your head to it!
The soldiers who tread to it
Shout at the sight of it,
The justice and right of it,
The unsullied white of it—
The blue and the red of it—
And tyranny's dread of it—
Here comes The Flag!
Cheer it!
Valley and crag
Shall hear it.
Fathers shall bless it—
Children caress it—
All shall maintain it.
No one shall stain it.
Cheers for the sailors that fought on the
wave for it
Cheers for the soldiers that always were
brave for it
Tears for the men that went down to the
grave for it!
Here comes The Flag!

A Paradise for Birds

VINCENT EDWARDS

WHEN United States soldiers return from Iceland after the war, they will probably have plenty to tell about the bird colonies on that island. Nowhere else in the world can northern birds find a more perfect sanctuary than they enjoy in Breiði Fjord, that "Broad Bay" as the name means in English, where there are so many islands that the Icelanders claim they can't be counted.

Anybody who has gone sailing on these blue waters has discovered how impossible it is to exhaust the marvels of bird life in a single outing. In the nesting season the rocks are overrun with these Arctic visitors. Here one can see the puffins, the razorbills, the kittiwakes, the auks, and long battalions of the guillemots in their white and black plumage.

These birds build their nests just as if they had all signed for locations with a renting agent. The kittiwakes always build highest; then, in the rock holes below them the puffins have their quarters; below the puffins, the guillemots nest.

There are plenty of other places where these birds come in great flocks. On Grimsay in the Hebrides it is not uncommon for the kittiwakes to darken the sun, and the great bird city north of Sylt off the Danish coast is one of the



A POPULAR FAVORITE

wonders of the world. But neither at Grimsay nor at Sylt is there such various bird life as on these islands in Breiði Fjord.

It is a veritable paradise for the ornithologist. Here he will find the great burgomaster gulls and the skuas—true overlords and pirates of the air. He will note the gannets flying in long strings, and as he gazes, their tiresome "Clak! Clak! Clak!" will probably be joined with the "Get away! Get away!" of the kittiwakes and the mournful calls of the oyster catcher. No other sounds will rise above the lonely noise of the wind and the sea. Only in far-off Iceland are such things possible.

Pets and Young Children

JOHN P. DINNENY

I HAVE never been in favor of giving animal pets to very young children because of the unhappy possibilities which are usually realized. Yet, though still inclined to the same belief, I would like to relate a little experience in our own home which brought us squarely face to face with the issue.

Three months ago an indulgent Aunt and Uncle unexpectedly presented our fourteen-months-old boy with a little puppy. He was just plain dog, a lovable little thing that snuggled right into our grown-up hearts at first sight. Yet my wife and I were inclined to reject the gift, feeling that Paddy was much too young to appreciate having his own dog. At the same time we didn't wish to offend Paul and Marie whose gift was inspired by the kindest and most generous motives. In one of those whispering family conclaves Ann and I finally decided to keep the little stranger for a trial to see what would happen.

During the first week our worst fears were realized. At every opportunity nothing seemed to delight Paddy more

than to yank "Spot's" ears, squeeze his nose, gouge at his eyes, pull his tail, or even attempt to ride him horseback style. Spot in self-defense or playfulness was all over the baby, knocking him down, licking his face, pawing his arms and legs with his unblunted claws, or biting playfully with his sharp little teeth. We kept them apart as much as possible, but when they did get together they were sure to end up crying or yelping.

At the same time we began carrying out what we considered hopefully an educational campaign. By talk, action, expression, grimaces we tried to put over the idea of what they shouldn't do to each other. There was no set formula except that we brought them together twice a day when we could watch them closely and attempt to "educate" them. It was certainly trying on our patience, and there were any number of times when we considered parting with Spot as the easiest way out. But one look into those big, seemingly understanding eyes of his saved him for us on every such occasion.

It took about six weeks before we could notice any appreciable change in their attitude toward each other. There was less of the slam bang head-on action when they got together. They could meet fairly peacefully and go about their business, even to the extent of ignoring one another. They were by no means the understanding companions that we wished them to be, but this progress gave us heart. You see, Ann and I wanted the dog for ourselves too.

Six weeks more have passed, and by now Paddy and Spot are passably well adjusted to each other. Our job isn't finished yet, but we feel it is well enough on the way to a completion which will auger encouragingly for a friendly companionable relationship between our boy and our dog for many years to come, God permitting.

As I've already mentioned, I'm still inclined to the belief that young children should not be given pets. But if other parents ever find themselves in circumstances similar to those which gave us Spot, they will be called upon to exercise an unrelenting patience worthy of a Job, if they expect to bring about a happy adjustment between their child and his pet. And should the parents have no interest of their own in pets, perhaps possessing only an idea or belief that every child should have one, they would do well to wait until the child is old enough to select, train and care for the pet of his choice on his own responsibility.

Join the Jack London Club by agreeing to withdraw from any place of public amusement when performing animals are exhibited; or by refusing to patronize the theatres that cater animal performances, and by sending your name to *Our Dumb Animals*.

My Dog

Willa Hoey

He found my door one stormy night,
When he was in a sorry plight—
'Twas all he asked—a bed and bite—
My Dog.

He hasn't any pedigree—
He hasn't any family tree—
But he is all the world to me—
My Dog.

Proof of Greatness

MARY AGNES COLVILLE

ENGLAND'S popular and much loved Queen Victoria was known far and wide for her great kindness of heart—a kindness that did not restrict itself to people but reached out to animals as well.

An interesting anecdote related in Queen Victoria's time concerned the day of the youthful Queen's coronation in Westminster Abbey.

It was, of course, an affair of considerable pomp and circumstance. The youthful ruler wore a magnificent crown studded with diamonds and her train of crimson velvet and gold was carried by eight stately young peeresses.

Cannons thundered—trumpets blared—there was music—prayers—a sermon—besides the administering of the oath to the Queen.

It was truly an occasion to awe any young heart—even that of one born to rule.

In her beautiful robes of state, the girlish queen was driven from Westminster Abbey through the streets after the ceremonials, amid cries of "God Save the Queen." As the impressive cortege approached the Palace grounds through streets thronged with her loyal, admiring subjects, the young ruler suddenly spied one spectator that interested her more than all the rest. And this spectator gave her a heart-warming ovation in the form of a series of ecstatic welcoming barks.

Forgetful of her own great position or the solemnity of the occasion, the young Queen cried out joyously in simple, unaffected tones, "Oh, there's 'Dash'—dear 'Dash'!" In her eyes was a warm welcome for this favorite pet, a fine spaniel of noble, affectionate mien.

The newly crowned young ruler appeared more thrilled and touched by her pet's greeting than by all that had just taken place. Ceremonials, cloth of gold and ermine, and robes of state were of less importance than a dog's love of his mistress.

It seems a proof of greatness when devotion to a pet takes precedence over absorption in personal glory or triumphs.



SCREEN COMEDIENNE MARTHA RAYE LOST NO TIME IN RUSHING "NICKY," HER FRENCH POODLE, TO THE ANGELL MEMORIAL HOSPITAL WHEN THE ANIMAL WAS STRICKEN WITH A COLIC DURING THE ACTRESS' RECENT APPEARANCE AT KEITH BOSTON THEATRE. WITH THEM IS DR. HOWARD KOPP, WHO TREATED THE DOG.

What is a Pedigree-Dog?

IN our September issue we carried a story under the above title. We obtained our information from The Animals' Friend, of London, England. A friend of the Society's and a reader of *Our Dumb Animals* wrote to us objecting to the article, stating it was "unfair to reputable breeders of pedigreed dogs."

The following is quoted from our correspondent's letter:

"I raise pedigreed dogs and I'll defy anyone to say that any one of the three lively, healthy, intelligent little rascals that I can see from my window are 'neurotic invalids with brains on a par with their stamina.'

"I frankly admit that there are breeders who do not use discretion in breeding, for selfish commercial reasons, but why measure all breeders by the same yardstick? Give the rest of us breeders our just dues in having a genuine love of the dog and being wise and careful in our choice of sires, thus producing pups with both beauty and brains."

Make your dog your companion and friend. Treat him kindly and he will respond.

A Question of Rights

JACK KYTLE

BELIEVING strongly in the right of all animals to kindly treatment, Thomas Erskine, Lord Chancellor of England during the early 1800's, sometimes lost his temper when this right was violated. On one occasion, he came upon a man savagely whipping a pack-horse, and without hesitation asked that the unwarranted punishment be stopped.

The owner wheeled about to face him, his face livid with rage.

"It's my horse," he said sullenly. "Mayn't I use it as I please?"

He turned back toward the heavily-burdened animal and renewed the beating. This was too much for the Lord Chancellor. Lifting his walking cane, he struck the tormentor several blows across the back.

Protesting loudly, attempting to escape the onslaught, the man cried, "You've no right to do this!"

"It's my own stick," Erskine replied. "May I not use it as I please?"

Please remember the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals when making your will.

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston Office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., to which all communications should be addressed.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

ERIC H. HANSEN, Executive Vice-President

GUY RICHARDSON, Editor

WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

OCTOBER, 1942

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS, to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals*, are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about 300 words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 500 words nor verse in excess of twenty-four lines. The shorter the better. All manuscripts should be typewritten and an addressed envelope with full return postage enclosed with each offering.

Civilization

THOSE of our readers fortunate enough to have traveled extensively in America, have undoubtedly found that the average American is not only a mighty fine fellow but he can be found in California as well as in Maine—in Wisconsin and in Florida.

If you have been abroad, you can perhaps remember the friendly young Britisher who talked with you so pleasantly on the train. You liked him especially when you discovered that his ideas on decent living, religion and the future were fundamentally like your own. In other countries you visited on the Continent you also found very charming people who thought and reasoned as you did.

Stop to think, then, of what is happening in the world today. Russia and Germany are suffering 15,000 men killed daily, and President Roosevelt announced the war will cost the United States 100 billion dollars in 1943. Think what one billion dollars could do for slum clearance, schools and better living conditions!

The war, of course, must be won, and perhaps even more important, the peace. We hope some of the average men of all the nations involved in this struggle can participate in the peace conferences and offer some of their very sane and sound advice because, as Dean Inge has said in "My Utopia," "We can be as civilized as we truly wish to be civilized."

With the return of horses it becomes a humane and progressive act to restore and replace the drinking fountains. The need of them becomes more and more imperative.

Cruelty at Chicken Hatchery

SAUL Small of East Longmeadow, Massachusetts, was found guilty in District Court, Springfield, recently, of unnecessarily failing to provide food, drink and shelter for hatching baby chicks. Fred Hall, our agent in that city, brought the complaint.

The defendant was charged with having instructed a truck driver in his employ to dump several so-called rejected eggs in the Kibbe Avenue dump in East Longmeadow early on the afternoon of August 4th.

Soon after the eggs were dumped, several dozen reacted to the heat of a smoldering dump fire on which they were thrown and a number of featherless chicks, some still carrying pieces of shell of the eggs from which they had hatched, were seen running around the dumping grounds.

Some of the neighbors went to the dump and brought home a few of the new-born chicks. One man, who testified in court, said he picked up seven and nursed them along to good health, losing only three.

Defense counsel raised interesting points of law, contending that this client was charged with unnecessarily failing to provide food, drink and shelter for something which he didn't know existed. He contended that the several thousand eggs were thrown onto the dump because they failed to hatch in the usual 21 to 22 days, and the first he knew of any incubation was several days later.

Animal War Casualty at Sea

THE tragedy of the fire that swept the Navy transport "Wakefield" in mid-Atlantic on September 3 had a peculiar significance to animal-lovers everywhere.

Fortunately, all 1,600 men aboard the flaming ship were rescued. The only living thing to perish was a cat that had come originally from Malta. A Cambridge, Massachusetts, man, returning home on the "Wakefield," told how he and his companions tried to save the cat.

"I was with some men who brought her all the way from Malta," he said. "She got through five bombings without a scratch, and we got her off the burning 'Wakefield,' but she fell from the deck of a cruiser that rescued us and that was the last we saw of her."

All lovers of animals will appreciate the spirit of kindness toward animals which led these men in their desire to save the unfortunate cat, even to face death itself.

For pleasure and recreation, for work and business, for health and that keep-young spirit most of us have, there's nothing to equal a good riding horse!

WAYNE DINSMORE

Amusing Reading

PHILOSOPHERS are supposed to be lovers of wisdom, and so very wise men. Some of them have been and some of them still are lovers of wisdom, but some of them apparently are so wise that even no one can understand them. Think of the following as a definition of "heat," by that exalted German philosopher, Hegel, the purpose of whose philosophy was to explain the whole universe of thought and being in its abstractest elements and minutest details:

"Heat is the self-restoration of matter in its formlessness, its liquidity; the triumph of its abstract homogeneity over specific definiteness; its abstract, purely self-existing continuity as negation of negation is here set as activity."

If, as Talleyrand once said, "words are used to conceal one's meaning," this wonderful (?) thinker surely never intended anyone should know what he thought heat was. The great Apostle evidently meant no disrespect for man's finest and noblest wisdom, but when He said, "The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God," one might think that He had in mind some such foolishness as this German philosopher might some day write.

"Bambi"

THOUSANDS who have enjoyed reading Felix Salten's delightful story about a deer will undoubtedly want to see the motion picture produced by Walt Disney. Animal lovers, of course, have known for a long time that Disney has a very keen regard for all sentient life, and his many charming animated cartoons have time and time again pointed out that cruelty is vicious, and kindness a virtue.

Time magazine, in reviewing the picture, had this to say:

"Bambi has an all-animal cast, but man is present by implication. Disney's indictment of men who kill animals for sport is so effective that U. S. sportsmen who have seen the picture are gunning for him. They feel that Disney is undoing their lifework of conserving wild animals for future open seasons. After Bambi they may have a hard time convincing Disneyacs."

First-Aid Classes Resumed

Due to the ever-increasing requests for instruction in first aid to animals, the staff veterinarians of our Angell Memorial Hospital will again this fall conduct classes. Persons interested in attending should address a postcard or letter to the Society at 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston. The first class will begin in October and will consist of one instruction period per week, usually in the evening. Three periods complete the course.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

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Springfield, 53-57 Bliss Street
Pittsfield, 224 Cheshire Road
Attleboro, 3 Commonwealth Avenue
Hyannis, State Road, Rte. 28, Centerville
Wenham, Cherry Street

AUGUST REPORT OF THE OFFICERS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A., WITH HEADQUARTERS AT BOSTON, METHUEN, SPRINGFIELD, PITTSFIELD, ATTLEBORO, WENHAM, HYANNIS, WORCESTER, FITCHBURG, NORTHAMPTON, HAVERHILL, HOLYOKE, ATHOL, COVERING THE ENTIRE STATE.

Miles traveled by humane officers	16,058
Cases investigated	337
Animals examined	4,300
Animals placed in homes	254
Lost animals restored to owners	60
Number of prosecutions	6
Number of convictions	6
Horses taken from work	38
Horses humanely put to sleep	30
Small animals humanely put to sleep	2,680
Horse auctions attended	16
Stockyards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected	61,672
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep	22

ANGELL MEMORIAL ANIMAL HOSPITAL

and Dispensary for Animals

184 Longwood Avenue. Telephone, Longwood 6100

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Springfield Branch

Telephone 4-7355
 53-57 Bliss Street, Springfield, Mass.

Veterinarians

A. R. EVANS, V.M.D. **H. L. SMEAD, D.V.M.**
 *On leave of absence—military service

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR AUGUST At 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston

Cases entered in Hospital	1,105
Cases entered in Dispensary	2,074
Operations	388

At Springfield Branch, 53 Bliss Street

Cases entered in Hospital	206
Cases entered in Dispensary	803
Operations	84

At Attleboro Clinic, 3 Commonwealth Ave.

Cases entered	115
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Totals

Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, 1915	210,579
Dispensary cases	532,441
Total	743,020

Branches and Auxiliaries MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

Northampton Branch of Mass. S. P. C. A.—WAYLAND L. BROWN, Pres.; MISS ELIZABETH A. FOSTER, Treas.

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Springfield Branch Auxiliary—MRS. CARLTON H. GARRINGER, Pres.; MRS. RICHARD A. BOOTH, Treas. Second Thursday.

Winchester Branch Auxiliary—MRS. RICHARD S. TAYLOR, Pres.; MRS. JOHN HAMILTON CLARKE, Treas.

Boston Work Committee of Mass. S. P. C. A.—MRS. GEORGE D. COLPAS, Chairman.

Autoists who conserve tires and gasoline by reducing their speed will also save the lives of many wild birds and mammals, predicts the Fish and Wildlife Service, U. S. Dept. of the Interior.

A pastor on Britain's Isle of Man recently applied for a supplementary gasoline ration, working into his request this appropriate Biblical quotation:

"Remember the commandment, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel.'"

His request was turned down. At the foot of the note of refusal was this:

"Yea, saddle me an ass."

Veterinary Column

1. Question: I have a mongrel dog ten years old, which, for the last two months, has had spells of vomiting, and occasionally has loose bowel movements. His breath has a disagreeable odor. He drinks a great deal of water; his appetite is good, but he has recently lost considerable weight. We are very fond of him, and should like to do anything possible to save him.

Answer: Your dog is suffering from nephritis, a disease of the kidneys, which is not uncommon in dogs of his age. Little encouragement can be given toward effecting a cure, as he will doubtless have this trouble the rest of his life. However, there are medicines which may serve to make him more comfortable, and give him temporary relief.

The dog should be allowed free access to water at all times, and liquids should be encouraged in his diet. Broth, milk, and even fruit juices may be given. Foods low in protein content are to be recommended in place of the meat and eggs relished by a healthy animal. Thus, cereals, either dry or cooked, wholewheat bread, or certain of the prepared dog foods may be fed. Fruits and vegetables are excellent in substitution for the quantities of meat normally fed. Butter and other fats are also to be advised.

Care should be taken to ensure adequate bowel movements, and laxatives should be given at intervals.

Various urinary antiseptics, vitamin preparations, and tonics are employed as medication for this ailment. Your local veterinarian should be consulted in regard to specific treatment.

2. Question: How often should I bathe my puppy?

Answer: It is not advisable to bathe young puppies; as it pre-disposes them to colds or distemper, and it is safer to keep them dry during their first year of life. Mature dogs should not be bathed oftener than once a month; a mild soap, such as a toilet soap, should be used; and the dog should be carefully dried afterwards.

In the case of puppies, sometimes a damp cloth will remove spots of dirt, or a little soap may be used on the cloth. Careful drying is necessary. Frequent brushing will aid in keeping the puppy clean, and dry cleaning is often successful. For this purpose cornmeal or fuller's earth may be used, rubbing the substance into the coat, while parting the hair to aid distribution. This is followed by brushing to remove the dirt and the cleaning agent.

3. Question: What is the normal temperature of a dog?

Answer: 100-102 degrees taken in the rectum.

R. M. B., Veterinary Dept.
 Angell Animal Hospital



Founded by Geo. T. Angell Incorporated 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to Treasurer.

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SUMMARY OF ACTIVITIES OF FIELD WORKERS FOR AUGUST, 1942

Number of Bands of Mercy formed,	8
Number of addresses made,	37
Number of persons in audiences,	7,572

Gifts for Retired Workers

WE are receiving gifts to the American Humane Education Society as a trust fund, the interest to be used for the benefit of field missionaries and others who have spent their lives in promoting humane education. Already several cases have come to our attention and are being relieved in this way. We will welcome your contribution to this fund.

Please make checks payable to Albert A. Pollard, Treasurer, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, and specify that the amount contributed is for the Humane Education Trust Fund.

Francis of Assisi

From time to time, but rarely, there comes into this world a man not like other men; he is differently attuned to the forces of nature; he hears voices, he sees visions; he is directed in dreams and he follows. He values what other men despise and he despises what other men value. He is not acquisitive of the goods of time for he has touched the eternal. He is never sad for he is always in touch with goodness and gladness. He has no fear of death for he has glimpsed life. He is not capable of ill will and hatred for to him all life from highest to lowest—human and sub-human—is flooded with love. Such a man was Francis of Assisi.

SISTER FIDES SHEPPERSON, Ph. D.

Humane Crusaders

JOHN WINTERS FLEMING

A SMALL group of women in Buffalo, New York, banded together in 1867 to crusade against the mule drivers along the old Erie Canal and thus pioneered a path in animal protection in America. Today the highly efficient Erie County S. P. C. A. is the outgrowth of the kindly action of those brave women.

Headed by Mrs. John C. Lord, wife of Dr. John C. Lord, nationally renowned pastor, as its first president, the little band of women had as their first objective the elimination of the cruel practices of the mule drivers along "Clinton's Ditch."

The mule drivers drove their dumb charges until they dropped in their tracks as they laboriously towed the heavily loaded canal boats up and down the old Erie Canal.

The public looked upon the little band of women in varying ways from complete indifference to all-out ridicule. How could women cope with the rough, tough mule drivers! But the little band of humanitarians kept on in their errand of mercy.

Heading the Humane Education Committee, Miss Lucy S. Lord went to every school in the city, carrying to the pupils her message of mercy for dumb animals. From her visits many auxiliary chapters took root, flowered and flourished.

Slowly but surely the little society grew in power and importance. During the first few years it had no central headquarters but it was not long before it could afford three paid agents. One worked in the stock-yards; the other two worked all over the city.

Finally the city and county recognized this force for mercy and the treatment of dumb animals, including the mules treading the towpaths of the old Erie Canal, became manifestly and greatly improved.

Please remember the American Humane Education Society in your will.

A Far East Fellowship

JOHN COLVILLE

ALL of us, who pride ourselves (and justly so) on the humane treatment of animals in our day, should feel a fellowship with the Jains of India.

For hundreds of years, the members of this powerful and wealthy sect, have been friends and benefactors of all living creatures. Not only the types of animal life we like for pets and helpers, but the lower forms of life that have not been fashioned as attractively to the eye or touch.

I recall reading a number of years ago in an old book of travel in India, printed about 1880, an account of the author's visit to the great Animal Hospital in Bombay, one of the largest of many such institutions supported by the Jain Fraternity throughout India.

Each kind of animal which included horses, oxen, cows, sheep, goats, cats, and monkeys, had separate living quarters. Skilled attendants cared for them, providing plenty of clean straw and water—feeding and bathing them, and giving medical and surgical attention when necessary. Many of the animals had bandages over their eyes, apparently to cure or relieve eye trouble.

Both wild and domestic birds had a different section—and the writer told of seeing old crows hopping happily about on wooden legs.

Nor were insects or reptiles neglected. They too, received help and attention in their distress.

The author of this book said that visiting this fine hospital was more interesting than seeing any of the beautiful Temples or Palaces in that wonderful country.

That was sixty years ago. I trust it is still carrying on its great work in spite of the upset of war!

East may be East—and West may be West. But kindness and justice to our Dumb Friends creates a brotherhood that does not know the limits of race, creed or country.

Note: Among the vows of the Jains is "not to kill." This leads to a remarkable care to preserve all living things. Even vermin must be preserved, not killed.

This regard for all life is the result of religious convictions, rather than the idea of kindness to animals, which is the basis of all modern humane movements.

Smallest of the sea birds is the stormy petrel, measuring no more than six or seven inches long. While larger, stronger birds make for home at the approach of a storm, the petrel stays out. He is the sailor's sign of a big blow. From his habit of tripping along the surface of the water with a hop, skip and jump, he has been named "Little Peter," from the Apostle Peter who walked upon the waves.

Advice to the Hunted

Harry Elmore Hurd

Dear hunted things, enjoy your present peace
Before these days of succulence decrease
Toward autumn when your brother, man—
grown keen

To kill—shall track you with his dogs. This
green
Which hides you now shall flutter to the
ground:

The skeletal trees shall echo with the sound
Of dissonant guns—be wary then: be fleet.
All hunted things, beware the stalking feet
Of men and dogs—they are in league with
death:

The setter, beating through the brush with
panting breath,

The hound-dog, hot upon the gentle hare,
And man, with gun a-swing, following
through the bare

And frosty woodland. Revel in this peace,
For your immunity from man shall cease
And you shall learn to fear the longer reach
Of death projected from a hammered breech
Of steel. The owl—hooting from a tree,
The screaming hawk, the weasel—stealthily
Approaching through the dark, the prowling
fox,

Must yield to predatory man, who talks
Of kindness while devising in his mind
Ways winged and motored to destroy his
kind,

So let all hunted things enjoy this peace
Before your armistice with man shall cease.

"Barnegat Pete," Town Pet

MARJORY SMITH

SEVERAL years ago a visitor to the little town of Barnegat, New Jersey, would be likely to rub his eyes and look twice at the unique and heart-warming picture to be seen any hour of the day on the streets of the town or in the country outside.

A graceful little tame deer, usually surrounded by fondling children but sometimes tripping along alone, wandered Barnegat streets. It made an odd figure in a little checkered coat. But the visitor would probably be most impressed by the large white tag hanging around the deer's neck, with prominently-displayed letters warning: "This is Barnegat Pete, Barnegat children's playmate. Don't shoot!"

Deer are the most gentle and timid creatures on earth, fleeing at the sight of a human being. But through the care and kindness of a whole village one, Barnegat Pete, lived for four years in the midst of human friends, tame and without fear.

In 1935 a forest fire just outside Barnegat killed many woodland creatures and sent others fleeing for their lives. Barnegat Pete was one of these gentle, helpless animals who escaped death in the flames. Somehow he wandered into



PICTURED above is "Jiggs," a motherless, four-day-old fawn, found in a water-filled ditch near International Falls, Minn. Janet Johnson is giving it an afternoon feeding, while Bruce Ketola keeps the fawn from wobbling.

Mr. James Nankivell, executive agent of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty, awarded Janet and Bruce a membership in the Junior Humane Society of Minnesota for their kindness and interest in the fawn.

Since it is against the law to raise deer in captivity, the fawn was turned over to a Game Warden.

HAROLD LA BELLE

the village, too weak and hungry to use his ordinary caution about human beings.

Barnegat children discovered the little deer, fed and cared for him until he was strong again. The creature repaid their kindness by becoming so tame that he would not leave the town except for little saunters into the country outside. He even slept in Barnegat.

Hunters come to woods nearby Barnegat, and people who loved the innocent grace of the tame deer feared for him during the hunting season. Then someone devised the coat and sign which he wore continually. For four years Barnegat Pete was the village mascot, pet of all Barnegat children. And although he has now become a mature deer and returned to his life in the forest, it is safe to say that Barnegat children have learned a lasting lesson in love and kindness to animals.

The Unsocal Porcupine

WILBERT N. SAVAGE

LIKE quills upon the fretful porcupine is a comparison that has been common ever since Shakespeare put it into the mouth of one of the characters in "Hamlet."

But actually the porcupine is not particularly fretful. He is always quite calm and collected except when suddenly

surprised or aroused to anger. Mr. Porcupine really doesn't enjoy getting angry, and he will avoid contact with those who would harm him if at all possible. If there is any one thing that the porcupine loves to do best of all, it is to tend strictly to his own business. Perhaps that is why he does virtually all of his traveling and feeding under cover of darkness, and spends the day hiding in hollow trees and among rocks.

Oddly enough, the flesh of the porcupine is edible, and in some sections of the country it is considered a real delicacy. Many states protect the porcupine because it has been a source of food for the Indians and settlers.

Contrary to a strange belief, the porcupine cannot "shoot" its quills at its opponents; such stories arise from the fact that the quills are loosely inserted in the skin, and become detached at a touch. They make painful wounds, for small barbs at their tips cause them to work deeper into the flesh of its victims.

If animals ever have mottoes, I think the porcupine's would be: "I never harm those who do not treat me unkindly." And the "quilly" fellow, whom most people sorely misunderstand, might add: "Mother Nature created me a bit selfish and grouchy, but it's partly self-consciousness, for you see I seem to realize that I am one of the homeliest of all animals."

Hoof Beats Down the Years

MARJORIE HUNT PETTIT

LITTLE Eohippus, the Dawn Horse, was not much larger than a fox terrier. His color is not known with certainty, but he is supposed to have been more or less striped, like a zebra, probably with a dun-colored background. Often he is pictured as being spotted, resembling a young fawn. It took approximately 3,000,000 years of evolution through various stages to bring the horse to his present form and size. The zebra is assumed to be a connecting link between the prehistoric animal and the modern horse, as are also the wild ass of Asia and Africa and Przewalskii's horse of Mongolia.

Although the prehistoric horses were native to all parts of the world, they had disappeared from the American Continent before the white man arrived. Hernando Cortez, leading his Spanish Conquistadores to victories in Mexico, brought sixteen horses with him. The Aztecs were terrified, thinking that man and horse were one amazing four-legged creature come to destroy them.

The horse was introduced into Egypt by the Hyksos when they invaded that country in the 18th century B.C. Before long the Egyptians were importing horses from Asia for their own use. They were driven to the war chariots but at first were seldom ridden. The Egyptians held the horse in the highest esteem. When one died it was wrapped in bandages, enclosed in a huge coffin and given an elaborate burial.

The Israelites, in the days of the patriarchs, seem not to have known the horse. As they progressed into Palestine, they found the Canaanites using horses and war chariots. David, after defeat-

ing the king of northwestern Syria, kept from slaughter enough horses to draw a hundred chariots. Solomon, a little later, had 12,000 cavalry horses. The horse is mentioned all through the Bible in connection with war.

The pure Arabian horses have their origin, according to recognized authority, in five famous mares owned by Sheik Salaman of southern Arabia. This ancestry extends back many, many centuries before the time of Mohammed. The best Arabian horses are found in the desert region among the migratory Bedouin tribes. Somewhere around 1765 an Arab stallion named "Ranger" was imported to New London, Connecticut. He sired a half-breed gray son, used by General Washington during the Revolution.

When Charles Darwin visited Argentina he was amused at the huge carts with wheels ten feet high, drawn by six or more horses driven abreast. Horses were so cheap in the early pioneer days of Argentina, that horse grease was burned in the street lamps of Buenos Aires.

In the Faroe Islands, far to the north of Scotland, the small native ponies eat fish heads when grass is not available. Years ago they were trained to ride down a sheep and hold it securely with the forelegs until the rider could dismount and take charge of it.

Hungarian herdsmen graze their horses in vast unfenced pastures. Although the animals are not branded, each owner can pick his horses unerringly from the herd. Saddles are very light, made without a pommel, and no girth is used to hold them in place.

In certain parts of Iraq, horses are fed on camel's milk when grass and other forage disappears. The camel can find a living where the horse would starve.



NOBLEST OF MAN'S ALLIES—THE MODERN HORSE

Run Safe, Red Fox

E. P. Rockwell

Where do you run, red fox, like errant flame

*Coursing its trek across the broken lands,
Nudging the fern knolls and the pasture lane,*

Scenting the damp and cool of river sands?

*Why do you pause, red fox, a silhouette
Against the varied green? What breath of snare*

*Or blatant drum of pack in lethal threat
Disputes your way and cautions to beware?*

*Deny these avid perils that await,
The stratagems and cruelties that assail,
Upon the wrinkled mold of nature's slate;
Run safe, red fox, along your veering trail.*

The Bedouin loves his mare and shares his black goats'-hair tent with her, but he disdains the stallion.

In Salzburg, Austria, there are bathing places for horses. In China there is a Washing Horse Pond. Ponies in Chinese Turkistan and other parts of High Tartary are taught certain gaits known as the Big Amble and the Small Amble.

Jonathan Swift, in his fanciful story of "Gulliver's Travels," tells of a horse, called Houyhnhnm, which was endowed with the ability to reason.

Feathered Gypsies

A band of gypsy birds paused for a short time in the mulberry tree of my garden this summer. I heard them as they spoke to one another in hissing syllables. These feathered vagabonds were cedar waxwings and were dressed in sleek coats of grayish-brown. Flakes of scarlet, resembling wax, brushed their wings; their tails were tipped with yellow. Raised crests made them look distinguished. These cedar birds are said to be unusually courteous to each other; but they didn't give me a chance to observe their manners for, after sampling my berries, they flew away as unexpectedly as they had come. In this short stop between flights, the debonair wanderers left me an unforgettable moment and a treasured memory.

IDA JOSEPHINE BRITAIN

The great majority of the American people are extremely sensitive to the suffering of animals. An ill-treated horse on a street breeds instant champions. The reason why animals are exploited for stage purposes is due to the widespread ignorance with regard to their treatment. Enlightenment is steadily growing.



Publishers' Photo Service, N. Y.

OSTRICHES ON THEIR FEEDING GROUNDS, CAPE COLONY, SOUTH AFRICA

She Lifts Her Head

GENEVIEVE D. O'NEILL

GAVEST thou the goodly wings unto the peacocks? or wings and feathers unto the ostrich which leaves her eggs and warms them in dust, and forgets that the foot may crush them or that the wild beast may break them? She is hardened against her young ones, as though they were not hers. Her labor is in vain without fear; because God has deprived her of wisdom. Neither has He imparted to her understanding. What time she lifts her head on high she scorns the horse and his rider."

This quotation from the Book of Job (Chapter 39) shows us in what lowly esteem Nature's largest and strongest fowl was held centuries ago. Yet with a stroke of its foot it could knock down a man! Even today we consider it deprived of wisdom and one of the most stupid of birds. And the chief cause of our reasoning is that, when exhausted and disheartened after a chase, it throws itself prone upon the ground, neck outstretched, head lying low in desert sands.

In fleeing its pursuer an ostrich does not use its wings, except to open them part way and flap them against its sides to give ballast. While doing this, it lowers its head and pushes it forward, so as to streamline the body against winds, crooking and vibrating the neck meanwhile to enable itself to see clearly on all sides. So fleet of foot is it that only the swiftest of horses are used to capture it, hunters forcing it to run in circles until it is worn out.

Lying prone on the ground at the close

of the chase has won for the ostrich the repute that it imagines it is hiding from its pursuer when it stretches its neck out upon the sands. However, ten to one it is recuperating in the false hope of further prolonging its flight and thus ultimately escaping.

If an ostrich understood human ways, it certainly would be amused at the great to-do we make over our golden weddings; for during the lifetime of these birds, which is said to average about seventy-five years, it is not uncommon for a couple to spend sixty-five of them together.

Where sands are warm these largest of all birds depend upon the sun to hatch their eggs; but when held captive in a cooler climate, where nights are chilly and the sands never as warm as in a desert, Mother and Dad take turns on the nest, Mother having the daylight hours to brood while Dad watches by night, their vigil lasting forty days. Had you the opportunity to peep into their nest, you would find both round and oval eggs there, and when the vigil is over little males will issue from the round ones and females from the others. Then it is that Mrs. Ostrich lifts her head very high indeed, and not only scorns riders and their horses, but every other living thing except her own.

Apart from all questions of policy and interest, the observance of mercy and kindness toward dumb animals is rich in pure, indefinable satisfaction. It blesses not only the lower being which is the recipient of it, but doubly him who practices it.

American Fondouk

Annual Report from Fez — 1941

A letter from Fez, dated January 2, 1942, has just reached our office. It contained the annual report of the Fondouk, which follows:

Daily average large animals hospitalized	19.9
Daily average of dogs in the Pound fed by Fondouk (during 6 months)	6.8
Animals "put to sleep"—certified by Veterinary Surgeon as incurable. These animals have been "put to sleep" with the consent of their owners	45
Animals hospitalized during the year	856
(241 hospitalized through or by Police Dept.)	
Number of visits of inspections to the native fondouks (Medina, Fes-Jedid, Mellah, Souk el Khemis, Bab Jiaf, Ville Nouvelle, etc.)	4,573
Animals inspected during these visits	85,009
Animals treated on the spot	6,147
Animals sent to Hospital	1,219
Number of infected pack-saddles destroyed	57
Number of Arab-bits destroyed	202
Number of animals brought to the Fondouk by their owners for treatment (out-patients)	6,495
Animals transported to Hospital	16

Amount of the expenses for the year: \$2,832.08.

GUY DELON, Superintendent

More Bound Volumes

We still have bound volumes of *Our Dumb Animals* for 1941 on hand. This book comprises 240 pages, with 200 illustrations of animals and birds. A most useful and interesting book for school libraries and as an aid to teaching humane education. Price \$1.00, postpaid. Write to the office of the Secretary of the American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

He who would understand animals thoroughly must live among them, endeavor to think as they think, and feel as they feel, and this at every stage of their development.

The Fun-loving Otter

GLADYS JORDAN

SLIPPING like a swift, dark shadow through the water the otter pursues his prey. His thick whiskers twitch and his small black eyes gleam as his strong curved claws close over the slippery fish that tries so unsuccessfully to evade him.

Having captured his prey he brings it to the shore where like a true epicure he devours it at leisure and in a most methodical manner. Taking the fish in his front paws he begins at the head and eats always toward the tail. Having reached the tail he examines it carefully and then lays it aside. Either his appetite is satisfied or it fails to tempt him for he invariably discards it.

The otter is a great fisherman and the Chinese make use of this fact and train it when young to catch fish and bring them ashore. In Bengal the fishermen train the otter to drive the fish into waiting nets. Here in America the fishermen have not yet gone into partnership with the otter, as far as the writer knows.

The otters are mostly nocturnal animals. They enjoy swimming about at night, often wandering from stream to stream in the winter time. They build their burrows near some stream, often digging some depth into the bank. The nest is lined with leaves or grass. They can swim beneath the surface for a long time and handle themselves marvelously while in the water. They twist and turn their lithe bodies in swift gyrations when pursuing their prey. The flattened tail seems to act as a rudder to guide them and their short, powerful legs send them swiftly forward.

Otters are both fun-loving and original. Their favorite game is sliding downhill. They gather in numbers on a sloping bank by the river or sometimes on a hill-side, then throwing themselves flat down upon their bellies, their forelegs bent backward, away they go. Their hind legs give them a strong send-off in this game. Perhaps our New England school boys of an earlier day got their

Pet Shop Magic

Lois Snelling

*I saw him in a window —
A narrow, prison space —
And as I stood and watched him,
A miracle took place.*

*The floor became a meadow,
With clover reaching wide
Where little dogs could carry
Their treasured bones to hide.
The window-glass was water,
And I could see him there,
A-splash, among the tules,
With ne'er a thought of care.
The shop was hills and valleys—
I watched them all a gleam,
And saw a lilac's shadow,
Where little dogs could dream.*

*The spell of magic ended,
And all the beauty fled.
He stood there in his prison,
With eyes that dumbly pled.
The spell of magic ended?
Ah, wizard I would be;
I went inside and bought him,
And took him home with me!*

idea of sliding from these otters.

The American otter is larger than the European. *Lutra Canadensis* is the common North American variety; the South American, or Brazilian otter is known as the coypu. They are an interesting animal to study and a beautiful and graceful creature to watch. They seek their food according to Nature's law and live a happy life if not molested by man.

A New Humane Pamphlet

Its title is "Kindness and Humane Education." Its author, Edna L. Apel, is eminently qualified to discuss this timely subject and point out many of the prime factors in character building. All teachers of the young and especially Parent-Teacher Associations should avail themselves of this publication. In any quantity, one cent per copy. Address American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Filling Station for Pigeons

ISABEL C. HANNA

WITH cruelty apparently rampant in the world and our lives becoming more disrupted and chaotic daily it is reassuring to know there are those among us who still find time for gentleness and kindness. Emery King of Chicago, night manager of a filling station, is one of these. Since 1929 he has not only served breakfast to an estimated 2,000,000 pigeons but acted as physician, surgeon and nurse as well. On a shelf partly filled with automobile accessories may be found supplies for his small emergency hospital. There are prepared splints for small fractured bones, antiseptics for wounds, gauze for bandages, as well as castor oil and other necessities.

By dawn of each day a company of about five hundred pigeons has gathered for breakfast. Nearly every morning following this repast, which amounts to 100 pounds of cracked corn and peanuts each week, one or two birds linger after the others have gone. Perhaps one of them is hopping about on one leg because the other is fractured. His drooping companion may be merely listless. Armed with a handful of peanuts Mr. King easily catches the ailing birds and from long experience renders a diagnosis and prescribes treatment. He loses a few patients a year but he feels confident he saves the lives of many.

An average of six ailing or convalescent patients occupy cages within the station house for most of the time. Several weeks are required to heal a torn wing. Broken legs are mended in less time. Occasionally a bird is found to be suffering from indigestion or poison. "Duke," a permanent resident, has called the station home ever since he recovered from acute indigestion four years ago.

Pigeons who come frequently have been given names. Mr. King recalls that he once encountered one of these, "Blackie," miles from his station. The bird sauntered up to him and upon being called by name flew to his benefactor's shoulder.

A coral island 300 miles from Mauritius, in the Indian Ocean, is inhabited only by cats. One or two, even a dozen, would quickly starve under the circumstances, but there are thousands of them. They have a well organized system of catching fish. They congregate at small pools and channels, at low water, form a circle and close in on the fish left in the pools. Such a "drive" sometimes yields a ton of fish!

Beavers, their pond surrounded by a forest fire, have been seen piling wet mud on their homes to prevent their taking fire.



"CORKY," A VIGOROUS OLD TIMER

The Band of Mercy or Junior Humane League

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
ERIC H. HANSEN, Executive Vice-President
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president.

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent-American Society, 264,019.

Maternal Instinct

A True Story

SHE was a two-year-old Irish Setter that had outgrown the narrow bounds of a small city flat. It was her good fortune to be given to a family who lived in a lovely country home with spacious grounds and a dense forest near by.

Not long after her arrival, a puppy, a Gordon Setter, joined the household and was at once adopted by the older dog, who watched and guarded the little puppy as one of her very own. One day a gate was left open and the young puppy wandered into the forest and was lost.

The man of the house took his Irish Setter into the woods to hunt for the puppy. They spent hours searching to no avail. The master returned home but the Setter refused to accompany him. Some time later a noise was heard at the door. It was opened and there, standing on the step, was the Irish Setter holding in her mouth by the back of its neck the lost puppy. Mother instinct had triumphed.

PEARL B. TAIT

Humane Films

Write for terms in regard to our two films, *THE BELL OF ATRI*, illustrating a poem of the same title by Longfellow; and *IN BEHALF OF ANIMALS*, showing the practical work of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and the Animal Hospital, also scenes at our Rest Farm for Horses.

These films have been very widely shown in schools, at Humane Society and Club meetings, and at other gatherings of a similar nature.

If you are interested in either film, both of which come in 35 mm. and 16 mm. size, write to the office of the Secretary, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.



FELINE PERSONALITY

Cat Visits Dog's Grave

THE following letter, written by Paul Watts of Sharon, Massachusetts, was published in a recent issue of the *Boston Herald*:

In this day of chaos, with thousands of boys dying for the battle of freedom, this little episode may not be of importance, but to me it tells of the loyalty of a cat.

I have an Angora cat named "Rags," now 14 years old, whom I raised from a kitten. I don't believe you could find a smarter or more beautiful one. Seven months ago, while working in my plant, I spied a little gray kitten, so weak and crippled she could hardly walk. My heart went out to her in the way she came to me to pet and fondle her. I brought her home, fed and nursed her back to health and the little lady of no pedigree but full of personality I named "Corky." Rags, the pet, took her into his heart, washed and played with her just like a mother. Old age meant nothing to Rags. He would watch and protect her from harm.

Three days ago Corky escaped from Rags' watchful eyes, ran out into the road and was killed. I laid her away in our garden and, believe it or not, Rags goes to her grave and lies there every day. Dogs do this, but seldom a cat. So I can truthfully say that Rags gave my little lady seven happy months and was loyal to her to the end.

The familiar "bob-white" call is used exclusively by the male birds. The hen bird never uses this call but makes use of other calls telling her brood to "scatter" or "covey" as desired, and they quickly obey.

Tragedy

Hal Day

Summer days are glad days
In this cottage by the sea.
Strangers came, adopted me,
I'm as happy as can be!
I rub and purr to show my love,
I keep the mice away,
With little Sue, I sleep, I play,
Side by side, by night and day.
I am a well-loved cat!

Was it yesterday, or long ago?
The house is empty now.
I mew and mew . . . there is no sound . . .
I run around from front to back . . .
I climb the windowsill.
I mew and cry and cry . . .
But still there's no reply.
I claw the screen.
What does it mean?

I know. I know.
They will not come back . . .
I am no one's pet . . .
I'm a deserted cat.

Milk of eleven different animals is consumed by humans—cows, buffaloes, goats, sheep, horses, asses, camels, reindeer, yaks, zebras and llamas. Reindeer milk is the richest.



Get Inside, "Whitey"!

Mother cat was very dissatisfied with conditions as she found them outdoors. Her white kitten was in bad company. Much better to get it inside—a dog was out there!

So Mother dug her claws in the screen door and pulled it open to let Whitey inside. This is now a daily performance.

LORENE MARSHALL

CHILDREN'S PAGE

The Sea Gulls and the Little Boy

KATHERINE SIMONS

*I know a little boy who loves
To watch the sea gulls, sun or rain.
He says: "They wave their wings at me
"When they come flying over! See?
"So I wave back again."*

*He sits upon the old sea wall
And waves his hand at gulls in flight.
And, when they slant above his head,
They dip their wings—just as he said.
The little boy is right!*

A Letter Worth Printing

The following, from Patty and Dick, shows so much love for their pet and is so cleverly written that we are glad to reproduce it:

Dear Sir,

"Snippy," our five-months-old tiger cat, was run over by an automobile and we were so happy when Dr. Siegle at the Springfield S. P. C. A. Hospital told us he could put his hurt leg in a sling and in a few days Snippy would be able to get around again. When the day came to drive the twenty miles to have the Dr. take off the sling we got up early and found that Snippy had somehow got his own sling off—and hidden it! We have searched the house and even raked in flower beds just to see if he had buried it—but Snippy took no chances of its being found and possibly put on again.

Dad offered a prize to the one who could find Snippy's hiding place and that made us look harder than ever, but Snippy is the only one who knows where the sling is, and he won't tell.

Well anyway he saved us precious gas for that last trip to the hospital.

Your friends,

Patty and Dick Benton

What BIRDS Are These?

ALFRED I. TOOKE

THIS may look like something to do with animals, but if you rearrange the letters in each group you will find you have a list of bird names. Can you get them all?

- | | |
|----------------|-------------------|
| 1. RAM PAINT G | 7. LION LOPS B |
| 2. PIGS ON E | 8. MULE TOILS G |
| 3. CAT HUNT H | 9. GOAT CURES K |
| 4. CALF ON S | 10. HOG SAW K |
| 5. EWE TO H | 11. DEER FAILS F |
| 6. DOG WIN E | 12. SOW RAISES CA |

Correct answers will be found on this page next month.



Bird Serves as Auto Mascot

GLEN FERRINS

TOMMY Carter, of Ogden, Utah, is perfectly willing to forego a metal radiator cap on his private auto, now that he has found this real live American sparrow hawk for a substitute. The hawk took refuge at the Carter home in Ogden when a pair of robins ganged up on him with dive-bombing tactics. Usually the aggressor, the hawk got the worst of the miniature aerial dog-fight and sought refuge at the feet of the boy. Tamed by the viciousness of the robins' attack, the hawk is thoroughly satisfied to be a pet for Tommy.

He perches on Tommy's outstretched fingers, hops onto his shoulders and generally performs as a tame bird would. "The hawk has the most fun when I take him for a ride on my auto," boasts Tommy, "and he clings on for dear life when I go fast."

The chipmunk spends most of the autumn in storing away food to last him through the winter. First of all, he digs a long, winding tunnel in the earth, with several short branches, which he uses as storerooms. Into these he carries nuts of all kinds: wheat, buckwheat, grass seed, and any other food that will keep. He carries these things a few at a time in two pouches—one in each cheek. When the weather becomes cold, in November, the chipmunk retires to his well-stocked burrow and sleeps away a large part of the winter.

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FADING TRAILS.

This is the story of American wildlife; relating especially to its long and wasteful exploitation and present status. Within the short space of less than three hundred years, a Foreword states, "the rich wildlife resources have been reduced to a remnant of their former abundance and some species have gone forever." Many more kinds of birds, mammals and fishes are on their way down the "fading trails" even to the verge of extinction.

However, a marked change has taken place, a conservation movement for the protection of lingering species is steadily growing. We should regard it as the "trail to recovery."

This book was conceived and prepared by the late Daniel B. Beard, famous biologist and author. The various species treated herein were selected and approved by a committee of wildlife experts and well-known authorities. There are many illustrations with full-color plates, half-tones, and line drawings. 279 pp., \$3. The Macmillan Co., New York.

Man's Dependence on Animals

M. H. MORGAN

IT was a dove that first apprised Captain Noah, after his extended ocean trip, that land was once more in sight.

The fall migration of birds attracted Christopher Columbus to islands in the Caribbean, which he, however, thought were the shores of India.

Fish and fur led to the settlement of the Eastern United States and Canada, and fur opened the trails to trappers and made necessary the establishment of trading posts and river commerce.

Seals brought the Pribilof Islands out of the fog, and made them one of the greatest income producers of this continent.

Salmon, glutting Alaskan and Columbian waters, each spring, were largely responsible for the early settlement of the great Northwest, and a source of riches for the adjacent countries.

The Malemutes of Canada, faithful servitors in transmitting the mails as well as supplies to far-flung, frozen corners of the North, made it possible to open up an otherwise inaccessible country.

Camels, plodding on splayed feet ancient Asian trails, carried the riches of the East to western despots, linking the various nations through commerce.

All animals contribute, in some manner, to the comfort and sustenance of man—through flesh, fur or service.

All vegetation would be destroyed if it were not that birds, particularly, reduce the crop of devouring insects and grubs.

Man certainly owes the creatures of the wild the right hand of fellowship.

Little Sparrow

May Allread Baker

*Little sparrow, you are cheerful
Though the skies are dark and gray.
You are happy and courageous
In your work and in your play.*

*Though no beauty, like the blue-bird,
With your plumage dull and plain,
Nor a songster, as your cousin,
Still you chirp in sun or rain.*

*When gay summer has departed
And the Southern lands entice,
When the frost has touched the meadows,
And the trees are gemmed with ice—*

*You are faithful to your homeland
Though few other birds remain.
Little sparrow, hardy sparrow,
Chirping in the snow and rain!*

Pets of Men of War

WILLA HOEY

John Lardner in his "Four-Footed Friends of Men of War" tells of a freighter that plies its way from Australia to Port Moresby, in Papua, with a load of bombs and high-explosives. He says that the chief engineer always took time off, around mid-day to currycomb the ship's rabbit, while a pair of monkeys continued to chatter on the gun deck above.

The Captain of the freighter, a trim, soft-spoken Norseman, had brought his dog along. The Captain was far from home and all his waking hours were divided between the dog and his job.

John Lardner goes on to say that no matter how grim the circumstances surrounding them, the soldiers and sailors and merchant mariners of this war will seek out pets wherever they can, and cling to them. It is not a matter of trying to improve their luck, for in no case is an animal valued purely and simply as a mascot, or lucky piece. His value lies in his view of life. Entirely detached from war, he deports himself according to eternal principles, and this makes him very good company indeed.

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TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

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